

The Lamb We Loved First



~ Author Unknown ~

I remember the day he was born.

It was still cold outside, the kind of early spring morning when the ground is damp, and the air smells like wet earth and hay. Father had been checking the ewes all night. I woke up to the sound of him calling softly from the yard.

“Come see.”

I pulled my cloak on and ran out barefoot, and there he was.

Still damp.

Still shaky.

A tiny white lamb trying very hard to stand on legs that didn't seem convinced they were legs yet.

His mother nudged him with her nose, impatient in the way sheep are. He wobbled, slipped, tried again.

I laughed, but Father didn't.

He was watching the lamb very carefully.

After a moment, he nodded. "A male," he said quietly. "And without blemish."

I didn't understand why that mattered yet.

The lamb grew fast, and by the time the grass started coming in, he followed me everywhere.

When I carried grain, he followed.

When I fetched water, he followed.

When I sat on the stone wall, he leaned against my leg like we were friends.

Sometimes he tried to chew the fringe of my tunic, and once he jumped straight into my lap like he thought he was still small. My little sister laughed so hard she fell over in the dirt.



My mother pretended to scold us when we let him wander too close to the house, but she would scratch his ears when she thought no one was looking.

We brushed his wool.

We fed him the softest hay.

We watched him grow.

After a while, I grew to know what he was for. Every child in Israel knows.

You grow up hearing the story. Egypt. The plagues. The night of death.

And the lamb.

But stories are one thing, and this lamb was another. Because this one followed me, and he looked up when I called. This one trusted me.

And somewhere inside my chest, a quiet thought began to form.

This lamb will die because of us.

The sun was low when Father called me. “Bring him.”

My hands felt strange on the rope. The lamb came willingly. He always did. We walked to the place outside the house where the lambs were slaughtered.

Father sharpened the knife. The sound of the stone against the blade made my stomach twist.

I wanted to say something. I wanted to shout, please, Father, not this one. But we both knew. This was the one.

Perfect. Without blemish. Just like the Torah said.

Father placed his hand on my shoulder. “You understand why we do this?”

I nodded. But I didn’t really understand. Not yet.

Father, let me hold the lamb. His wool was warm. I felt his heart beat fast under my arm.

It trusted me. I had fed it. Played with it. Protected it. And now I was holding it still, for the knife.

When the blade moved, the lamb struggled for only a moment. Then it was quiet. Too quiet. I stared at the ground because I couldn’t look at its eyes anymore.



Something heavy settled inside my chest. It wasn't just sadness. It was something deeper, something even approaching understanding.

My sin had weight. And something innocent had carried it.

That night we roasted the lamb. The smell filled the house. My mother had prepared the bitter herbs, and set the table. My sister asked questions innocently.

We ate the lamb we had raised. No one joked. No one played. Passover was never a light meal.

And, when I bit into the meat, I remembered the soft wool under my fingers. I remembered him following me in the field. I remembered his trust. It all stuck on the lump in my throat. And suddenly the story of Egypt felt very real.

Because deliverance and the weight of sin costs something.

Always.

My mother spun the wool later that year and made a cloak from it. I wore it when the cold winds came. Sometimes when I pulled it around my shoulders, I remembered the lamb.

But, not with guilt - with weight, with understanding.

Because that lamb had done nothing wrong. And yet it died. For us.

I never told Father this, but yes, I had given the lamb a name. I stopped saying it out loud when I realized what he was for, but I had named him. Children always do.

And sometimes I wonder if that was the point, because when you raise the lamb, when you feed it, when it follows you, when you know its face... ..you understand something.

Sin is not small. Forgiveness is not cheap. And redemption always costs a life.

Years later, when I was older, I first heard the man from Nazareth. Some said he was a prophet. Some said he was the Messiah. Some said he was dangerous.

But one day I heard a strange thing.

A man named John pointed at him and said: “Behold, the Lamb of YAHUAH, who takes away the sin of the world.” (John 1:29)



The words struck me like a stone dropped into deep water.

The Lamb.
Not a lamb.
THE Lamb.

And suddenly I understood something that had been waiting inside me since childhood...

Every lamb we had ever raised...
Every Passover we had ever kept...
Every innocent life placed on the altar...

They had all been pointing somewhere.
Pointing forward. To Him.

We raised our lambs. But YAHUAH Alahim raised His.

And when the time came... ..He did not stop the knife.

No angel stayed the hand.

No substitute appeared in the thicket.

The Lamb of YAHUAH Alahim was led to slaughter.

Silent.

Perfect.

Without blemish.

And this time the blood was not for one house in Egypt.

It was for the world.

Even now, sometimes I still wonder...

Did His mother hold Him when He was small?

Did He play in the dust with other children?

Did He laugh?

Did someone brush the dirt from His hair?

Did anyone know...what He was born to be?

Because I raised a lamb once, and I know this much...

When you raise the lamb...

When you know its face...

When it trusts you...

The sacrifice means something very different.

And when the time comes... they do not understand the knife.

Maybe that is why YAHUSHA came to live among us, so we would finally understand the cost.

Our lamb died for one household.

One night.

One remembrance.

YAHUAH's Lamb died for the world.



Once. For all time. He understood the cross and the cost.

Maybe that is why Passover lambs were raised in the house...
...so that when we hear the words “Lamb of YAHUAH”...
...we know exactly what that means.

Because anyone who has raised the lamb...knows the cost.

Kerrie’s Korner

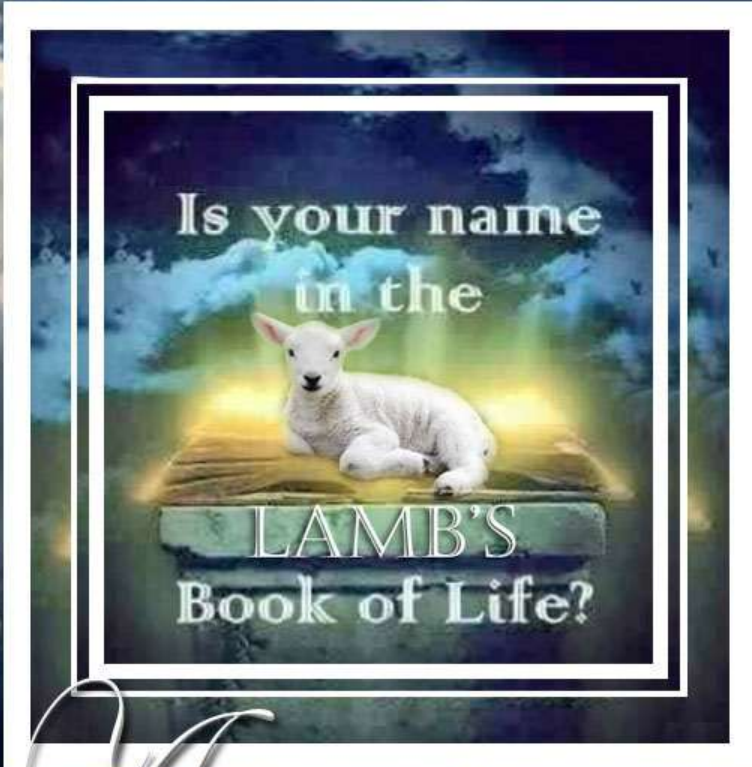
Yahusha the Messiah paid the price for sin, that all who hear His voice and follow Him will be restored, not merely forgiven, but brought back into the fullness of covenant life, walking once again in harmony with the Father’s ways. Through His sacrifice, the weight of transgression is lifted, and the path is opened for hearts to be renewed, minds to be awakened, and lives to be reordered according to truth.

Yet this restoration is not passive; it calls for a response. Those who truly hear His voice will turn, will follow, and will walk as He walked, embracing the light that has been revealed. In this, redemption becomes more than a moment; it becomes a living journey, guided by His Ruach haKodesh and anchored in His lunar appointed order.

And so, the invitation remains ever before us: to come out from confusion, to lay hold of what was given from the beginning, and to be restored not only to Him, but to the sacred rhythm through which He reveals His eternal Plan of Salvation.

Father YAHUAH,
we come before You in humility,
acknowledging the great cost of our redemption,
that Your Lamb was given so that
we might be restored to life.
We thank You for Yahusha the Messiah,
who bore the weight of our sin,
opening the way for us to walk again
in covenant with You.
Place within us... hearts that truly hear His voice,
that we would not turn aside, but
follow Him in obedience
and truth.
Teach us that this restoration is not light or empty,
but a living journey that calls us to walk as He walked,
in the fullness of Your ways.
Awaken our minds, renew our spirits, and order our
lives according to the light You have
revealed from the beginning.
Draw us out from confusion and tradition, and anchor
us firmly in Your lunar appointed rhythm,
where Your Plan of Salvation is clearly seen.
And may we never forget the cost of the Lamb, but carry
it with reverence and gratitude, until the day
we are fully restored
in Your presence.

Barak hashem Yahusha haMashiach!
(Bless the name of Yahusha the Messiah!)



Is your name
in the
LAMB'S
Book of Life?

*And there shall in no way enter into
it anything that defiles, or any
making an abomination or a lie; but
only those who are written in the
Lamb's Book of Life!*

Revelation 21:27
TheCreatorsCalendar.com

May each of you receive the blessing of Passover, the eternal gift of Love and Life!

Kerrie French

www.TheCreatorsCalendar.com

